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THE MANNERS OF PAPHOS, OR TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

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EXTRACT *of a* LETTER, *from Dr.* THOMAS BLACKLOCK *of* EDINBURGH, *to the* AUTHOR.

—"THE ſpecimen, which you have been kind enough to ſend me, of the MANNERS of PAPHOS, I have carefully peruſed. The language is eaſy, elegant, and expreſſive; the numbers harmonious and flowing: The ornaments of Cupid's banner are extremely proper, finely imagined, and pictureſquely deſigned: The ſketches, though ſhort, are bold and natural: The whole is fitted to inſpire the moſt pleaſing and refined ſenſations; and, if all the Poem be like the opening of the Third Canto, it will either be ranked with the moſt celebrated pieces of our beſt poets, or I have loſt all the taſte and judgment which Nature gave me. It ſeems to be more in the manner of Prior, than of any other poet whom I can recollect; but in my judgment, though in thoſe pieces which he intended ſhould be pure ſprightlineſs, delicacy, eaſe, and harmony, were his characteriſtical beauties; yet in theſe qualities you ſeem to have outdone him."

Extract

Extract of another Letter, from Dr. BLACKLOCK, *to the* AUTHOR.

—" I received the complete copy of your Poem ſometime before I was permitted by other unavoidable avocations to read it. This, however, I have at length been able to accompliſh, and return you my beſt acknowledgments for the pleaſure which it gave, and muſt continue to give me. The ſame luxuriancy of invention; the ſame propriety and elegance of ſtyle; the ſame purity and delicacy of ſentiment; the ſame mellifluency and harmony of numbers, ſeem to characteriſe the whole." *

INTRODUCTORY POEM.

I.

" TO nobler themes, my friend, aſpire,
" It is the Muſe's voice;—
" Then, boldly, throw away the lyre,
" And prove your ſoul her choice:
" See where th' Aonian choir advance
" And offer all their pow'rs;
" While, with a jealous eye aſkance,
" Malignant Envy low'rs.

II.

" Come, then, and join the titled throng,
" Where Bards in ſplendour ſhine;
" In all the dignity of ſong,
" A long—illuſtrious line!

" Here Milton—great immortal name!
" Here Pope and Dryden bloom;
" While Britain's ſons eclipſe the fame
" Of antient Greece, and Rome.

III.

" Let ſuch examples, then, incite,
" Your ſweetly-flowing lays,—
" And mix the uſeful with delight,
" Ambitious of true praiſe:
" Nor let the Cyprian dame employ
" Your ſpirit, time, and care—
" But quit her, and her wanton boy—
" And break th' inglorious ſnare.

IV.

" How can you waſte your pow'rs to pleaſe,
" By ſpreading falſe alarms;
" Indulging a phantaſtic eaſe,
" To gild each nymph with charms?
" Here Sylvia blooms—there Stella ſmiles—
" Then Chloe marks the line;—
" And Fancy next for Harriot toils—
" Or Barb'ra the divine.

V.

" Fie—quit, my friend, the Cyprian ſhore—
" Each idle nymph diſclaim—
" And let your genius be no more
" A ſlave to love, and them."
Thus Colin rav'd, the morn of May,
When ſhepherds ſeek the grove;
To hear my long-accuſtom'd lay
Rejoice the realm of Love.

VI.

For Poet-Laureat am I ſeen,
And herald of thoſe plains;
The choice of the united green,
To ſing of am'rous pains:
To paint fair Marian's rural charms,
And Phillis, young and bright,
Whoſe beauties bliſs our longing arms,
With rapture and delight.

VII.

Struck with the charms I celebrate,
To former bards unknown;—
I joyful ope' the golden gate,
For choiceſt nymphs alone;

I ſee them pleas'd on Paphian ſhores,
Thro' fragrant bowers rove,
While each enraptur'd maid adores,
The awful power of Love.

VIII.

To me the grand imperial bark,
The willing god conſigns;
Nor can we fear the tempeſt dark,—
The god controuls the winds:—
And all along the crouded coaſt,
That fronts our happy iſle;
I ever chooſe the brighteſt toaſt,
The maids who ſweeteſt ſmile.

IX.

High on the fore-maſt as we ſail,
Love's banners I diſplay;—
The bleeding heart—the tender tale—
The ſoft—and plaintive lay!
The ſighs that from the ſoul incite,
Compaſſion's fervent aid;—
The thrilling murmurs that delight,
The half-expiring maid.

X.

See where a troop of young Deſires,
  Their purple wings expand;
And ſtrike to melting tunes their lyres,
  While we approach the land:
For none can to this happy iſle,
  Within my bark repair,
But thoſe who love, and freely ſmile,
  And are as kind as fair.

XI.

Each roſy morn, at break of day—
  For theſe I ſwell the reed;—
To theſe my earlieſt homage pay—
  For theſe with paſſion bleed!
Then Colin—vain is thy advice!—
  For Love, alone, I breath;—
And high—beyond ideal price,
  Eſteem my laureate wreath.

XII.

Let MILTON, POPE, and DRYDEN ſoar;—
  Unenvied ſhall they be;
Th' Arcadian ſtrain I value more,
  As ſuiting beſt with me:

For laughing Venus, at my birth,
Diſdain'd not to preſide,—
Appointing, while I liv'd on earth,—
Her gentle ſon my guide.

XIII.

Thro' all the paths he nobly ſtrays,
I follow as he leads;—
And ſcorn to ſtop,—how ſteep the ways,
Or dangerous, he treads:
Then if a nymph has praiſe undue,—
My Colin—ſtill be kind!
I ſeldom know, ſo well as you—
The guide I follow—blind!

THE

MANNERS OF PAPHOS, &c.

CANTO I.

THE wiles of Love, the ſilken art
To pleaſe and captivate the heart—
To drive fierce Paſſion from a throne
She long uſurp'd, and call'd her own—
To plant the Graces in her place
And aggrandize the human race—
While Diſcord flies the happy plain,
And laughing Peace and Plenty reign.
I ſing;—in pure and ſimple ſtyle,—
The language of the Cyprian Iſle.

In this ſweet ſpot, where I am ſeen
At once the laureat of the green,
And herald of our beauteous Queen,

No poinards, daggers, guns, and ſwords,
No lofty, pompous, idle words,
No quarrels, cares, domeſtic jars,
Plague, famine, peſtilence, and wars,
High ſounding epithets, and ſtrife,
Diſturb the pleaſure of our life,
With malice, calumny, ill-will,
Who ſmile upon the wretch they kill—
But all is elegant and gay—
All innocence and harmleſs play.

Our manners, ever gentle, prove,
We all obey the voice of Love—
And ſtill that voice in tender gales
Of mildeſt zephyr moſt prevails,
While bluſhing Silence oft we call
The ſweeteſt eloquence of all;
For then our eyes expreſs a meaning,
That language would be years explaining.

To this delightful ſpot, I bring
Each choſen maiden whom I ſing;—
MARIA, graceful in her air;—
The ſprightly BELL; and HARRIOT fair;

Sweet BARBARA, my nut-brown maid;
And ELLEN, in her charms array'd;
The ſenſible and modeſt ANN;—
Mild SUSAN, and good-natur'd JANE;
ELIZA with her ſnowy breaſt;
And MARG'RET, beauteous as the reſt;
All who are fair and kind to me,
It matters not in what degree—
For in equality they move,
Ennobled by the laws of Love,
And uſeleſs rank diſturbs no more
The ladies who approach this ſhore.

Here birds of brighteſt plumage rove
From tree to tree in ev'ry grove;—
Their flaming pinions ſome unfold,
And glitter in reſplendent gold;
Of richeſt colours all appear,
And raviſh with their notes the ear;
Familiar all, they all approach,
And fondly ſeem to court the touch;
Their variegated wings expand,
And perch ſpontaneous on the hand.

No cages ever dreading here—
No trap, and no deluſive ſnare,
For Love ordains that all unite,
To furniſh matter for delight,—
And true to his exacted plan,
No creature be afraid of man ;—
But where his empire he extends
The works of Nature meet like friends ;
Thus, as we walk o'er hills and lawns,
The lions couch, the tyger fawns ;—
We pat them,—and away they bound
As ſportive as the friendly hound.

The firmeſt of his fix'd decrees
We often hear,—" Be pleas'd, and pleaſe ;
" Try every method to adorn
" Your temper, noon, and night, and morn,
" And in no other conteſt ſtrive,
" But who ſhall be the moſt alive."

Here Nature wears an aſpect mild,
And Summer, her auſpicious child,
With only Zephyr in her train,
Throughout the year delight to reign.

Here choiceſt flowers ever bloom,—
Here ſcatter wide their rich perfume;—
Not EDEN's ſelf could lovelier ſhow
Carnations in perpetual blow;—
The violet in fragrant blue;—
The ſov'reign roſe of various hue;
The damaſk, yellow, white, and red,
Enamel every verdant mead;
With hyacinth and daffodil,
Ranunculus, and gay jonquil.
A ſoft, luxurious bed compoſing
For happy lovers to repoſe in,
Whoſe taſte is amply gratified,
And every want, at once, ſupply'd.

One roſy morn, when VENUS ſaw
The bleſs'd effect of CUPID's law
Demonſtrated throughout her iſle,
Where pleaſure, health, and freedom ſmile,
With humour, ſenſe, and judgment ſound,
And wit that never gave a wound—
She ſummon'd all the laughing Loves
From caves, and woods, and rocks, and groves—

From rivers, meadows, hills, and dales,
Meandring brooks, and flow'ry vales—
With CUPID, her illuſtrious ſon,
And all the Graces one by one—
And thus addreſs'd the blooming throng
In ſweeteſt melody of ſong:—

" Ye've long perceiv'd, my charming race,
The joy and rapture of this place,
The happineſs our ſubjects ſhare,
Devoid of each corroding care,
Who every day have ſomething new,
More choice, than ever, to purſue;
And all that they purſue, attain—
While newer objects ſtill remain,
To gratify their admiration,
And bleſs their eager expectation.—
How comes it, that in ev'ry part,
Ye do not thus engage the heart?—
How comes it, tell me, that in vain
I wiſh an univerſal reign;—
To ſee mankind on every ſhore
With equal pride my pow'r adore,

Heap gifts on my neglected ſhrine,
And hail me, as I am, divine?—
Say—was it not for grateful Britain,
Where wou'd I have a throne to ſit on?
Does formal Spain acknowledge me?
No more than France or Italy;
The Dons confine their gaudy dames;—
The others—but I loath their flames—
Such vile and infamous deſires,
Were never light at Paphian fires:—
In Germany, I'm ſeldom ſeen;
And Dutchmen—O! I die with ſpleen!—
In Greece, where once I was ador'd,
While HELEN's charms unſheath'd the ſword,
And heroes own'd my pow'r ſupreme,
They hardly know me now by name,
But ſell their beauties for a bribe
To Mahomet's deſpotic tribe;
Who, all the ſweets of Love unknown,
Are ſway'd by brutal luſt alone;
Devoid of ſentiment, they rove
Like ſavages, and call it Love!
Say, whence is this? ſprings the defect
From chance, deſign, or your neglect?

My magazines of wanton wiles,
Enſnaring looks, and roguiſh ſmiles;
Inſinuating, lambent fires,
Alluring hopes, and young deſires,
Sly ogles, whiſpers, am'rous arts,
Bows, arrows, lances, quivers, darts,
Of dimples, ſqueezes, ſoft addreſſes,
Endearing words, and ſweet exceſſes,
Impatient wiſhes, falſe alarms,
Ideal worth, and fancied charms,
Reſpect, attention, ſtolen glances,
Deſponding fears, and bold advances,
Will inexhauſtible appear,
If millions we expend a year;
And if we needed freſh ſupplies,
We have them from ALMERIA's eyes.—
Step forth, then,—thou—my wayward ſon,—
And tell me, whence are we undone?"

The Goddeſs ſpoke, and from her breath,
Ten thouſand antidotes to death,
In odorific breezes ſprung,
The exhalation of her tongue;—

And twice ten thouſand young Deſires,
Attendant, ſtruck their golden lyres,
Reſponſive to extatic lays,
In Beauty's, ſovereign Beauty's praiſe;
The Goddeſs ſmiling, wav'd her hand,
And all was huſh'd at her command.

Then CUPID, with peculiar grace,
Thus mildly anſwer'd in his place;—
Sweet were his accents (while I ſing,
Believe me), bright his purple wing,
Where beaming gold, entwin'd together
With orient pearl, adorn'd each feather.

" Dear Mother, juſtly you obſerve
How mankind from their duty ſwerve,
While ſordid intereſt, grimace,
And folly mark the human race:
But let the blame recur to thoſe
Whoſe efforts all our views oppoſe;
To MARS,—whom loudly I declare
An enemy I'll never ſpare,
But ſtill purſue him thro' the world,
'Till every lance I have be hurl'd;—

And every arrow, every dart,
Shall feſter in his brawny heart.
'Tis he, whoſe hot impetuous rage,
Nor pity cools, nor tears aſſuage!
The hapleſs widow's mournful tale,
The orphan's cries, in vain aſſail
The unrelenting God of War,—
High mounted in his flaming car.
Regardleſs of the virgin's pray'rs,
Her lover from her heart he tears;—
In vain is ev'ry fond complaint,
And ſorrow's genuine language faint!
Deaf to entreaty,—blind to charms,—
In all the horrid clang of arms,
He drives him to a diſtant ſhore,
Perhaps to bleſs her ſight no more,
And leaves the virgin to deplore!

Nor yet can matrimonial Love,
With due and awful rev'rence move
This haughty tyrant:—All muſt yield,
The inſtant that he takes the field.
You know ANDROMACHE was fair,
And gentle HECTOR, ſtill your care;

ANDROMACHE was fair in vain,
And HECTOR, well you know, was ſlain!
The matrons weep,—their cheeks grow pale,
When e'er they read the fatal tale;
Their fancy paints their infant child,
The father ſad, the mother wild,—
And MARS ſurveying them the while
Malignant, with a gloomy ſmile.
How ſhall I ſpeak the devaſtation,
The dreadful havoc in creation,
This leveller of art and beauty,
For ever makes by way of duty?
He terms it glory, to throw down
The fineſt and the beſt built town;
All human grandeur overturn,
To ſack, demoliſh, ruin, burn;
And ſacred honour, not to deal in
Our beſt commodity—ſweet Feeling!
What tho' in ev'ry heart I place
With choiceſt care ſome fav'rite Grace,
The ſavage Deity conſumes
And blaſts it long before it blooms,
And drives me to reſerve my toil
For this my happy native ſoil;

Where, by the fix'd decree of JOVE,
No plant can thrive but mutual Love."

He ended;—and each ſmiling God
Applauded with a lively nod.
The Graces wip'd his glowing face,
And held him in a ſtrict embrace;
The handkerchief they chanc'd to uſe,
They gave, a token, to my Muſe;—
The gift celeſtial, ſhe convey'd
T' ALMERIA, my beloved maid.
Hence all the fragrance ſhe diffuſes,
The ſole perfume ALMERIA uſes.

The anxious queen was griev'd to hear,
A charge ſo ſolemn and ſevere,
Urg'd with ſuch force and full conviction,
And all the elegance of diction.
Much ſhe deplor'd her ſituation,
Repenting of her raſh citation.
Fain wou'd ſhe think her MARS had merit;
As proper, fain defend his ſpirit;
For much the martial God ſhe lov'd,
And heard him with concern reprov'd:

But as th' aſſembly was conven'd,
It piqued her to appear chagrin'd;
So when th' approving murmur ceas'd,
Her ſon, the Goddeſs thus addreſs'd,
Reſolving in her mind, a ſcheme
To pleaſe mankind, herſelf, and him.
" My ſon, what you relate is true,—
But Jove himſelf is rul'd by you;—
And ſoon the rapid God of War
Shall march behind your gorgeous car,
In triumph led, a captive bound,
And all the world be Paphian ground:
For 'tis imperial Jove's decree,
That Mars, like him, ſhould bend to thee,
And ſoldiers be hereafter known
The grand ſupporters of our throne."

Thus having ſaid, ſhe cried, " Repair
My offspring to your uſual care,
Inflame the youth, and melt the fair,
And all your efforts let me find,
Like mine—propitious to mankind.

CANTO II.

SHE ſpoke, and ſwift the laughing crew
To their reſpective duties flew.
Some little ſolitary Loves
Apart, dreſs up antique alcoves,
Where muſing Melancholy reigns,
The friend of ill-requited ſwains;
Who with the penſive Goddeſs ſhare,
Their fancied, or their real care.
Others more cheerful, fond of ſpirit,
And favourers of boaſted merit,
The bold advancing youth attend,
Ten thouſand ſtrong, and each a friend.
Ten thouſand more with theſe in league,
All patrons of the ſly intrigue,
Adorn the fair with flatt'ring ſmiles,
Entangled in their wanton wiles.
'Tis they o'er chambermaids preſide,
And all their quick devices guide,
Inſpiring ſubtle ſhrewd pretences,
Sufficient to beguile the ſenſes,

And gull the Guardian's eye and ear,
To doubt ev'n what they ſee and hear.
While thrice twelve thouſand more approach,
With rev'rence due, the nuptial couch;
Almighty CUPID at their head,
By all the courteous Graces led:
All honourable Loves, ſelected
From millions of the moſt reſpected:
All innocent, and friends to Man,
Whoſe happineſs they ſweetly plan;
Receive him from his mother's arms,
Nor quit him 'till he ſcorns their charms.

Hail, wedded Love! O! could I reach
Thine excellence with proper ſpeech,
And paint thee, as thou art, ſublime
Beyond the faint approach of rhyme;
I'd thank thee, for the joys I feel,
While at thine altar thus I kneel,
Poſſeſs'd of all thou canſt beſtow,
To bleſs the ſons of Man below.
A wife, in temper mild, ſerene,
In perſon graceful, and in mien;

Her face the index of her mind,
As one is fair, the other 's kind;
And in her cheerful ſmiles is ſeen,
The modeſt worth that dwells within.
I'd thank thee, for the ſportive train,
Who grace me as I tread the plain;—
The honeſt triumph of mine eye,
My rapture, and my heart-felt joy,
With all the father in his pride,
Why ſhould I, vainly, ſeek to hide?
When I ſurvey the blooming throng,
Of laughing Cherubs move along,
Intent upon ſome infant toil,
Their mother, watching them the while;—
Sooner my blood ſhall ceaſe to flow,
With ſympathy, my breaſt to glow,—
My heart at Miſery's ſad moan,
Forget its feelings, turn'd to ſtone,
And pity be implor'd in vain,
Than I, my extacy reſtrain!
I'd thank thee, for thou did'ſt inſpire
My boſom with an holy fire,
And arm'd my free and conſcious ſoul,
To burſt thro' forms, and ſcorn controul,

Diſdain all ſhackles, haughty rules,
By tyrants forg'd, obey'd by fools;
And, manly, ſpurn each ſervile claim,
Tho' aided by a Father's Name*;—

* The Author wiſhes not to be miſunderſtood, as inculcating any ſentiments derogatory to the juſt authority of the Parent. But he thinks, in former times, this authority was too often very impolitically executed. Let any one who doubts this, reflect upon the manner the famous Duke of Sully regulated his family. The Duke and Dutcheſs had each of them their arm-chair, and their ſons and daughters, and even their ſons-in-law, were obliged to be contented with ſtools. What could this affected ſtate, this parade of formality produce? Reverence, awe, fear,—and all their concomitants; but each of them, of that kind, an offender experiences at the tribunal of his Judge. Surely this is not the proper way of treating thoſe endearing charities, which are the greateſt pleaſure of this life. Is this the method of rearing up our beſt friends, or of treating them afterwards? If it is, the Author has Five Sons,—and will never adopt that plan of education. But, with all due reſpect to this authority, it expires when the Son is of age. If this is wrong, the law of the land, and not the Author, is to be charged with it. But neither the Author, or the law of the land, can ſuppoſe ſuch a monſter of ingratitude can exiſt, as to forget thoſe duties of love and tenderneſs we owe the Authors of our being under God. The many unſpeakable obligations we are under to them, can only be repaid by the moſt animated exertions of the moſt feeling heart. But, then, we act upon the principles of the pureſt and moſt elevated friendſhip; authority is out of the queſtion by the law;—

and

A ſacred Name, but has an end,
And phœnix-like, revives in Friend.

Thus num'rous are the troops of Love,
While friends, or wayward foes, they prove;—
For, as their diff'rent fancy ſways,
They rove ten thouſand diff'rent ways;
Yet Paphos is their chief reſort,
Their birth-place, and their mother's court;
Her ſparrows, chariot, doves, are here,
Her pleaſure-boats, and all her ware.

Soon as the Goddeſs was alone,
She roſe from th' imperial throne,

and if it was not, is hardly worth pleading to that wretch who cannot be ſwayed by more tender motives. But what ſhall we ſay, if, after having been for ſeven years conſtant to an amiable woman, and receiving every affectionate proof of her fidelity, a man, at the age of ſix and twenty, cannot, after repeated trials, gain his Father's conſent? Let them who love, and have moſt warmly loved, determine. The Author acknowledged, he took the benefit of the laws of his country; authoriſed, alſo, he thinks, by reaſon and religion;—and married the object of his love; his father was reconciled at once—for he was a man of the moſt noble and manly ſentiments---and applauded his choice when he became acquainted with her.

And ſought her elegant alcove,
The work of each ingenious Love;
And on a fragrant couch reclin'd,
Revolv'd the counſel of her mind:
Then hail'd a young uncurb'd Deſire,
Her mother ſhe, and MARS her ſire,
Addreſſing thus the glowing dame,
And ſpeaking, call'd her by her name.—

" IMPETUOSA, fav'rite child,
Howe'er irregular and wild;—
If a fond Mother anxious ſtrove,
To give thee proofs of earlieſt Love,
And from thy birth, portentous hour!
Indulg'd thee with deſpotic pow'r,
Submitting all her acts to thee,
A ſlave to ev'ry new decree;—
Let gratitude thy mind inſpire,
And eager in the blaze of fire,
Aſſume the figure of Delight,
The air, and manner of her flight;
Extatic, am'rous, gay, and young,
With fond perſuaſion on thy tongue;

And all thy Father's heart inflame,
With wiſhes of the ſofteſt name;
Then ſwiftly lead the glowing God,
All rapture to this bleſs'd abode."

She ended, and with fervent ſpeed
Her offspring anſwer'd but by deed,
And elegant in looſe attire,
A frail, accompliſh'd, fierce Deſire,
She ſoon as young Delight appears,
A virgin in the bloom of years:—
Infatuation in her air,
With flowing locks, and boſom bare,
Whoſe ſwelling orbs, at diſtance due,
Firm, yet elaſtic to the view,
In diſcontiguous order court,
The glowing hand to ſweet diſport,
And by their motion ſeem to vie
In invitation with her eye.

O let no maiden take offence!
The Muſe depaints the Nymph of Senſe,
Half naked, as ſhe treads the green,
A light coquette, and ſcarce ſixteen;

All petulance, caprice, and whim,
And folly to the very brim;
The progeny of MARS and VICE,—
Her occupation to entice,
Allure, inveigle, dupe, alarm,
With Beauty's mere exterior charm;
Unlike that modeſt, artleſs Fair,
Chaſte VIRTUE's offspring, and her care;
Whoſe beauties of ſuperior kind,
Are center'd in an honeſt mind;
With ſplendor there conſpicuous ſhine,
Deſpiſe the grave, and are divine,
And genuine, rational, upright;
Illuſtrious point to true delight.

Thus metamorphos'd, to elude
Detection, and with art intrude;
She, quick as thought, attains the ſhore,
Where trumpets ſound, and cannons roar;
Where enſigns flutt'ring in the air,
Mark out the path of mad Deſpair;
Here Horror ſtalks—here Fury boils,
And Havoc breathes, and Carnage toils;

The dying, and the dead they rear,
Promiſcuous, in a mountain here;—
While firm battalions cloſe unite,
Adverſe in fierce and bloody fight;
And there conteſting ſquadrons vie,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to die.—
Diſorder, Tumult, Ruin, meet,
To ſignalize each martial feat,
And make our infamy compleat!
O fatal, ſoul, and vile diſgrace,
To Pity, and the human race!
How can ſuperior pow'rs ſurvey
The malice of enliven'd clay;
And not indignant, wiſh the ſod,
Once more a dull inactive clod!

Inviſible to mortal ſight,
The Nymph in ſemblance of Delight,
Surveys the ſcene; and from a-far
Diſtinguiſh'd ſoon her Father's car.
Thro' thickeſt ranks, the God elate,
Impell'd his courſers wing'd with Fate,
And overwhelm'd with wild diſmay,
Embattled troops in grand array.

Bellona, ſavage maid, before
The chariot flew, diſtain'd with gore,
With horror plum'd, a diſmal ſight!
And conſternation, and affright!—
While grim Death follow'd cloſe behind,
Aſtride upon the boiſt'rous wind;
His maw, full gorg'd with monſt'rous food,
And reeking with heroic blood.

As thus the bold imperious God,
Invincible in triumph rode,
O'er heaps of mangled heroes ſlain,
And drench'd with noble blood the plain;
The Nymph prepar'd her am'rous wiles,
Her glances, and delicious ſmiles,
And fondly claſp'd within her arms,
Addreſs'd him in a blaze of charms:

" O quit this ſhocking place, my Sire!
To Paphos, and her groves retire;
Impatient pleaſures there await,
Immortal to adorn thy ſtate;—
Impatient pleaſures there expect,
Requital for thy long neglect;—

And with extatic views expand
Their beauties to thy happy hand.—
O haſte, my Sire! O haſte away!—
'Tis VENUS chides thy cold delay!"

Thus ſaying, in an ardent kiſs,
She breathes ungovernable bliſs;
With poignant wiſhes fills each part,
At once, of his capacious heart;
And having thus inflam'd his veins,
She ſnatches from his hand the reins,
Encouraging each foaming horſe,
Rape, Rancour, Rapine, and Remorſe,
To PAPHOS ſhe directs their courſe;
And, as a rapid whirlwind, fleet,
Diſmounts him at her Mother's feet.

With all thoſe blandiſhments, the Lover
Will poliſh every action over,
When in her preſence he eſteems,
How trivial, or how light it ſeems;
Attentive to her ſlighteſt motion,
As only form'd for her devotion;—

The graceful Deity advances,
Reſpectful even in his glances;
Yet with a dignity and eaſe,
They muſt acquire who wiſh to pleaſe;
And tho' an happy Lover known,
Wou'd happy ſeem to her alone,
While kiſſing her extended hand,
Accompanied with action bland,
He cry'd—

" O Empreſs of my Soul!
Form'd as I am for thy controul,
What madneſs could that ſoul inſpire,
From thee, and rapture, to retire,
And in the bloody field purſue
Falſe pleaſure, when I had the true!
O pardon the inſane attempt,
And be that face from frowns exempt!—
That fair, that ever matchleſs face,
Diſorder never muſt diſgrace;
But one continued cheering ſmile,
Illumine this enchanting iſle."

" Enchanting iſle," the bluſhing dame
Retorted ſweetly—" can'ſt thou name,
Or pleaſure, or enchantment here,
The long abode of gloomy care;
Delighting, as thou do'ſt, in wars,
Wild diſcord, and tumultuous jars;
Unmindful of celeſtial joys,
Or eſtimating them as toys?—
But go—I wiſh not to upbraid—
Ingrateful, and purſue your trade!—
Let all your enſigns be unfurl'd—
Diſtract, confound, and plague the world,
And baniſh all my ſons, a-far,
My CUPIDS, from thy bloody car,
Who loath thee as a ſavage guide,
And fly the ſpot where you preſide!
Why ſhould'ſt thou ſpare the blooming race,
Regardleſs of their Mother's peace;—
Their fooliſh Mother, who in vain
Believ'd thee Guardian of her reign,
The Guarantee of ev'ry claim,
And grand Protector of her fame!"

This having ſaid—with ſtreaming eyes,
And many well-affected ſighs,—
She careleſs ſeem'd to turn away,
As if regardleſs of his ſtay ;—
While he, all patience and ſubmiſſion,
Aſſail'd her with a vain petition,
And ev'ry ſign of true contrition;
When, lo! the God of Love appears,
And aſks the motive of her tears?
Tremendous, with a golden bow,
And light'ning, gliſt'ning from his brow,
Nor came the youthful God alone,—
For millions more, on miſchief prone,
All ſummon'd by their Mother's art,
Direct their vengeance at his heart;
Surrounding him on ev'ry ſide,
An army in its gayeſt pride.

Thus flank'd, attack'd in front and rear,
He grimly ſhook his maſſive ſpear,
Collecting all his force to prove,
The impotent aſſault of Love;
And ſingly to the world maintain,
The efficacy of Diſdain.

In proud defiance while he ſtood,
And ardent ſeem'd to pant for blood,
The chief, with purple wings, ſurvey'd
His threat'ning geſtures, undiſmay'd;
(For VENUS, to the World's ſurpriſe,
That day, from JOVE, obtain'd him eyes;)
And pointing to the left, detach'd
A corps of warriors, all unmatch'd
In dignity, and ev'ry grace,
That can adorn a godlike race;—
With orders to break up the ground,
Plant engines, and at diſtance wound.
Quick, at his word alert, with ſpeed,
They ſwiftly paſs the verdant mead,
Their weapons glitt'ring from a-far,
In all the glorious pomp of war;
And ſoon the deſtin'd ſpot attain,
Determin'd not to work in vain:
For batteries complete they rear,
Of ev'ry beauty, grand or rare,
That Chance or Art collect, in haſte,
MARIA's eye, and FANNY's waiſt;
Fair HARRIOT's leg—the winning ſmiles
With which the gentle JANE beguiles;

The lovely dimples STELLA boaſts,
The ſplendour of the brighteſt Toaſts;
Ev'n all ſweet Modeſty conceals,
Their induſtry unmaſk'd reveals.—
While fiercely, with inceſſant fire,
They wildly ſcatter looſe Deſire;
And, briſkly, ply in loud alarms,
The Hero, with ten thouſand charms.
Yet boldly did the Hero wield,
And interpoſe his ample ſhield,
'Till one, more daring than the reſt,
Unveil'd ALMERIA's radiant breaſt;
And all her glowing charms enlarg'd,
The Virgin at his heart diſcharg'd.
Swift as a comet rolls—the Fair,
Reſplendent, cut the yielding air,
Emitting, as ſhe flew, the rays
Of Beauty in meridian blaze.
Thrice forty paces back recoil'd
The Hero, by her luſtre foil'd—
O'erpower'd by the ſudden ſhock,
And proſtrate, as beneath a rock.
In phalanx firm, th' embattled throng
Surround him—nor ſurround him long;

In proud defiance while he ſtood,
And ardent ſeem'd to pant for blood,
The chief, with purple wings, ſurvey'd
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O'erpower'd by the ſudden ſhock,
And proſtrate, as beneath a rock.
In phalanx firm, th' embattled throng
Surround him—nor ſurround him long;

For Deities, with eaſe remove
All wounds, and even thoſe of Love—
Immortal ev'ry ſcar repair,
Elaſtic, light, and free as air.

Foaming with rage, he upwards ſprung,
All furious, by the inſult ſtung—
And, anxious, labours to efface,
By glorious deeds, his late diſgrace.

Now thick the battle fiercely rag'd,
Againſt ſome millions one engag'd,
Who raſhly put the grand alliance,
And all their efforts at defiance.
In vain, thoſe efforts he repell'd,
Each Love, the other Love excell'd;
Each bravely play'd a noble part,
And lodg'd their weapons in his heart.
Fatigued by many a cruel wound,
Diſputing, inch by inch, the ground;—
At length he gave the conteſt o'er,
A captive on the Cyprian ſhore.

Exulting CUPID, in a ſong
Of triumph, thank'd the blooming throng;
Their courage and addreſs diſplay'd,
And by diſplaying beſt repay'd;
Stil'd each a gallant warlike brother,
Avengers of an injur'd Mother,
Whoſe empire, this their vanquiſh'd foe
Had long determin'd to o'erthrow;
And wou'd have ſeen his arts ſucceed,
If they had been afraid to bleed.
Then turning to the God, he cry'd,
We've humbled, at the laſt, your pride,
And forc'd you, maugre your diſdain,
To groan beneath our heavy chain.
But know—inglorious Deity!
That chain is heavy but to thee;
And light becomes to all, the hour
They know themſelves, and own our pow'r.

But, come my friends, who nobly bled,
And follow'd whereſoe'er I led—
Firſt guard our captive to his doom,
Then all your daily taſks reſume!

My Mother and the Graces wait,
In ſplendid dignity of ſtate,
With anxious ardour to improve
The glorious victory of Love.

CANTO III.

THUS having ſpoke, he form'd the train,
With ſkill and judgment on the plain;
An able, brave, experienc'd leader,
A gallant, and a gay parader.
Embroider'd banners ſome unfold,
With CUPID's arms emboſs'd in gold;
The bleeding heart, the tender tale,
The weeping maid, and ſhepherd pale.
Here PHÆBUS for coy DAPHNE grieves,
Here crowns his head with laurel leaves;
Inceſtuous MYRRHA there appears
Diſſolv'd in aromatic tears.
Here PROSERPINE, inſulted maid,
In vain ſpreads out her hands for aid;
And ARATHUSAS there extend
Their feeble ſtrength to ſave her friend.
Here mightier feats of potent Love,
Are blazon'd, while he laughs at JOVE;
And there the Thunderer is known,
But by his quaint diſguiſe alone,

Except at SEMELE's requeſt,
When he deſcends a godlike gueſt,
In all his majeſty divine,
And in the tiſſue ſeems to ſhine.
That tiſſue yet appears to blaze
Expreſſive of the Nymph's amaze,
Her beauties glowing in the fire,
A victim to a raſh deſire!
A Satyr vile, with hair deform'd,
The fair ANTIOPE he charm'd;
Nor could the ſavage form affright,
Or ſpoil the am'rous Queen's delight;
For thro' depravity of taſte
She lov'd him, ſuch as ſhe embrac'd.
AMPHITRYON-like he moves a Man;
EUROPA's Bull, and LEDA's Swan;
In DANAE's lap a golden ſhower,
In all, a ſlave to CUPID's power.
Others again, in gaudy ſhow,
With livelieſt portraits richly glow,
Of thoſe, who in great CUPID's praiſe,
Thro' ev'ry age have tun'd their lays.
Here OVID, and his friend TIBULLUS,
PROPERTIUS and the ſweet CATULLUS,

With Moschus, Bion, Sappho, breath
In living gold;—and by a wreath
Of freſheſt roſes newly blown,
Belov'd Anacreon is known,—
Bedewing ſacred Beauty's ſhrine
With copious bowls of choiceſt wine.
Immortal Pope, at Love's command,
With Eloisa in his hand,
And Waller, Cowley, Prior, join
To dignify the modern line.
The modeſt Gay appears on foot,
Wrapt in his virtue and ſurtout;
While Trivia, with a golden lyre,
Supports him at his own deſire.
Conſpicuous, far above the reſt,
In livelieſt colours gayly dreſs'd,
Soame Jennings, with a graceful air,
And art reſiſtleſs, arms the Fair;
Love's empire o'er the world extends,
The zealous Chief of Cupid's friends.
Diſtinguiſh'd, therefore, in his fame,
Diſtinguiſh'd honours gild his name;
On Love's imperial ſtandard borne,
Th' imperial ſtandard to adorn—

He ſeems with ardour to advance,
The glowing leader of the dance.
His partner, delicately fine,
Was form'd all rivals to outſhine,
Illuſtrious in the pomp to reign,
And ſkim o'er the unbending grain,
The pride and glory of the plain;
Fair FIELDING—ſweet deſtructive maid,
Camilla-like, in charms array'd,
Camilla-like, we ſee thee move,
And kill thy thouſands but by Love!
Here BEATTY, fav'rite ſon of Truth,
And AICKIN, in the bloom of youth,
The peerleſs SAPPHO of our days,
Attain the ſummit of all praiſe;
A " minſtrel" in his hand we ſee,
In her's—the " youth who loves like me;"
O may that youth, the virgin find,
With PHAON's merit, but more kind!

But who is he the zephyrs move
In playful guiſe, and blind as Love?—
Melodious BLACKLOCK well I know,
Diſtinguiſh'd by a ſilver bow.

The maidens, often, on the green,
For Love miſtake him, by his mien;
He alſo by his arms appears
As Love—unlike him but in years;—
For greater innocence of mind,
Or manlier ſenſe, were never join'd.
Ill-fated Bard! to BRITAIN's ſhame,
The Sire of unrewarded GRAHAM.
A Patriot firm, whoſe grand deſign,
Exalted, generous, divine—
With terror animates each ſon
Of Liberty, to join as one;—
To ſpurn diſtinction—reconcile
Each jarring int'reſt of our Iſle,
And bid fair Concord reaſſume
Her genuine and her native bloom;
Inflame each BRITON to diſdain
What gives their common Mother pain,
And o'er our counſels ſtill preſide,
A friend, and ever-faithful guide.
Such is the ſon of ſuch a Sire,
Whom Envy muſt herſelf admire,—
Like HOMER, lab'ring for his bread,
Like HOMER, priz'd too late when dead!

If e'er theſe lines aſſail the ear
Of rigid Luxury ſevere—
May they due tenderneſs impart,
To melt her hard and callous heart;
That while his numbers ſweetly pleaſe,
The Bard himſelf may live in eaſe,
And cultivate each gentle art,
That meliorates the human heart,
With leiſure, which all poets love,
A gen'rous genius to improve;
To bid it flow with genuine ſpirit,
And Fortune give full ſcope to Merit;
A wayward jilt, who ſhou'd be kind,
Since Providence has ſtruck him blind.
Thus ſhall he to each diſtant coaſt,
A grateful country loudly boaſt—
A monument of BRITAIN's fame,
And not—avert it—of her ſhame!

But what is that, alas! I view?
A ſtandard, diſmal in its hue,
Of mournful black! A ghaſtly head
Denotes it ſacred to the dead!

In ev'ry corner, bones acroſs
Proclaim to Love ſome bitter loſs!
Ah! wherefore flows the tender tear?
'Tis OTWAY's, hapleſs OTWAY's, bier!
See where the CUPIDS ſeem to bend,
And hang o'er their departed friend,
To chafe his clay-cold limbs, reſtore
That genius which muſt ſhine no more;
Rekindle the poetic fire,
Refit, and ſtring his broken lyre;
While VENUS with redoubled pain
Proclaims their gen'rous labour vain.
Where were ye—Patrons of the Muſe,
When OTWAY died?—Could ye refuſe
A portion of your uſeleſs wealth,
To keep the Bard ye lov'd, in health?
Say, wander'd ye in Windſor's ſhade,
With Contemplation, lonely maid,
In Kenſington, or Hampton Court,
Where LANSDOWN, GAY, and POPE reſort;—
Or on Parnaſſus' top reclin'd,
Say, were ye feaſting then the mind?
For ſure, your manly ſouls deſpiſe
Inelegant and vulgar joys—

To mix at Arthur's with a crew
Unworthy of the matchleſs few;
Or at Newmarket condeſcend
To call a paltry jockey Friend.
A worthleſs ſet, whom not in vain
The Muſes treat with calm diſdain;
Or ſtamp with infamy their name,
Thro' all the wide extent of fame;
A reptile race—their happieſt lot,
To die, forgetting, and forgot.
Ye gentle Patrons of the ſong,
Cou'd ye aſſociate with a throng,
Whom Reaſon with a frown diſclaims,
Yet drink of Helyconian ſtreams?
Where'er ye were, that fatal day
Grim Death, rapacious, ſeiz'd his prey;
His lab'ring agonies ſurvey'd—
Impatient of his pangs,—afraid
Leſt Charity ſhould lend her aid.
A fruitleſs fear—for ſhe was flown
To regions, diſtant and unknown!

The dreadful tale, indignant Love,
With poignant feelings interwove,

To draw from ev'ry Virgin's eye
The tear—and from her breaſt the ſigh!
The ſable pageant ſtill appears,
Where'er the God a trophy rears—
And in his triumph claims a place
For his revenge, and our diſgrace.
BRITANNIA, bluſhing, turns aſide—
Diſrob'd of all her wonted pride,
In ſackcloth clad; her graceful air,
Her grandeur loſt in juſt deſpair!
The Loves ſurvey her with ſurpriſe—
The Graces with o'erflowing eyes,
All pointing to a label—"Grant,
No future Bard may die of want!"

The laſt, but not in Fame's degree,
Mild SHENSTONE, let me mention thee,
For oh! moſt ſweetly doſt thou move
My paſſions, when thy ſong is Love!
Ah—gentleſt of the tuneful throng,
The object of that plaintive ſong—
Rejected by the melting fair,—
Shall never be a ſhepherd's care.

For her no torch of Love ſhall burn,
Both ſexes outcaſt, hate, and ſcorn—
No tender vows delight her ear—
Her ſolitude no huſband chear—
But PHILLIS ſhall unpitied live—
Unpitied die—unpitied grieve—
In ſolemn ſable robes array'd,
A perverſe girl—moroſe old maid—
And ſad reflection on the paſt,
Embitter life, while life ſhall laſt;
A prey to miſery and care,
To peeviſhneſs and fix'd deſpair,
Still haunt her to the hour of death,
Departing only with her breath;—
No friend to cloſe her drooping eye,
To ſhed a tear, or heave a ſigh;—
No children to attend her hearſe,
Or bard adorn it with his verſe;
But o'er her grave, the frightful owl
Shall ſcream, and odious ſpectres howl.
Struck with her fate, the Nymphs ſhall learn,
In future ages to diſcern;—
To pay due homage to the reed,
And bend to poets when they bleed.

For what is Beauty, if her date
Is poorly circumſcrib'd by Fate?—
And what thoſe charms which grace a maid,
If twenty winters ſee them fade?
Alas, how trifling is the bloom,
That twenty winters thus conſume!
And even ſhou'd a glow remain,
Some newer beauties break its chain,
In freſher tints, exulting, claim
Their equal ſhare of deſtin'd fame,
Our homage and attention boaſt
In all the ſplendour of a Toaſt;—
Then, to a newer, lovelier race,
Reluctant yield, in turn, their place,
And to oblivion ſoon reſign
That Beauty vainly thought divine,
Unleſs ſome fav'rite Poet ſmit,
Immortalizes her by wit;
And bids her in full zenith move
The object of eternal Love!
Then learn to reverence our name,
Ye Beauties, if ye value fame—
For on our favour ſhe depends,
The worſt of foes, and beſt of friends;

And thoſe who ſcorn us, ever find,
That ſhe has eyes, tho' Love is blind;
While fierce reſentment fires the heart,
To take an injur'd brother's part,
And let all jilts, mild SHENSTONE, ſee—
We can revenge,—as I do thee!
Oh! if theſe efforts of my Muſe
The God diſdains not to peruſe,
And if her genuine ſtrain delights,
Who ſcorns to borrow while ſhe writes—
O may he grant that Muſe to ſhine,
At humble diſtance—next to thine,
And both to endleſs ages roll,
Congenial, as each other's ſoul!

Great CUPID having thus unfurl'd
His banners to th' admiring world,
Triumphant views them grace the air,
Of twice ten thouſand Gods the care—
Who gayly moving, beat the ground,
To harmony, in martial ſound.
In firm battalions ſome appear,
In ſquadrons others guard the rear;

On either flank, the light huſſar,
Prepares to ſkirmiſh as in war;
And in the centre MARS is ſeen,
Alas! how alter'd in his mien!—
How chang'd from him who lately drove
Whole ſquadrons, while he laugh'd at Love,
And ſtyl'd his hoſt a Pigmy race,
With taunts—that heighten his diſgrace:—
For pale and ſqualid he appears,
Depreſs'd with care, and drown'd in tears;
The wayward ſport, deriſion, ſcoff,
Contempt, and joke, and wanton laugh;
Of all the little Gods, who teaze,
Torment, and vex him as they pleaſe.
Some pull his beard in boyiſh play,
And tauntingly exclaim, "Be gay!"
While others, in a mock careſs,
Condemn them for their proud exceſs;
Exhorting, with ironic ſneer,
The mighty God to uſe his ſpear,
And vindicate his beard and noſe,
From ſuch preſuming, puny foes;
While he, unable to withſtand
Their humour, or to check their hand,

In ſullen ſilence, ſtrives to hide
The anguiſh of his humbled pride.

Thus varying, to their whim, the ſport,
They reach'd, in form, their Mother's court,
Where mounted on a gorgeous throne,
Imperial Beauty ſweetly ſhone
Sublime with unaffected eaſe,
Yet conſcious of the pow'r to pleaſe.
Then, when his troops were ſhewn their places,
By blooming and attendant Graces,
Their leader, with obedience low,
Reſign'd the captive of his bow,—
And ſeated near his Mother's hand,
Awaits her next ſupreme command.

With placid, mild, and modeſt eye,
Serene as ſummer's purpled ſky,
When PHOEBUS in the weſt is ſeen
Deſcending to the diſtant main ;—
The Goddeſs view'd the vanquiſh'd chief,
(Who little knew ſhe ſhar'd his grief,
Or that events did thus combine
In favour of her grand deſign),

Then, in a ſpeech the Graces form'd,
Addreſs'd him, and addreſſing, charm'd.

" Iraſcible and lawleſs God—
Why ſought you this ſerene abode,
This peaceful manſion of the bleſs'd,
An uninvited, dreaded gueſt,
Inflam'd with paſſions unrefin'd,
Unworthy of a godlike mind—
Which ſpring from luſt, caprice, or whim,
Ignobly ſtrangers to eſteem?
Can Order with Confuſion meet;
Or Infamy, fair Honour greet?
Can Concord, pleas'd, with Strife unite,
Or Darkneſs e'er exiſt with Light?
The innocent and playful lamb
Miſtake the wolf, and call her dam?
Stern War with harmleſs Love agree,
And Diſcord with ſweet Harmony?—
Why ſought you, then, this bleſs'd abode,
Iraſcible, and lawleſs God?"

Struck with her manner, while ſhe ſpoke,
His heart receiv'd the final ſtroke;
And melted in an happy hour,
A ſlave to ſov'reign Beauty's pow'r.
Her voice was melody complete,—
Her geſture grand,—her accent ſweet;—
Oh, who can ſing it! while the whole
Was form'd to ſooth, and win the ſoul!
Reſiſtleſs it improv'd his mind,
And ev'ry ſentiment refin'd,—
While mild, as May's approaching morn,
He anſwer'd—

" Mighty Queen! Forlorn,
A captive, vanquiſh'd, I implore
That Mercy, which becomes this ſhore!
Impoſe your terms—whate'er they prove,
I'll prize them, as the terms of Love;
And henceforth quit the ſcenes of war,
A follower of CUPID's car.
No longer ſhall the Fair lament,
Or juſtify their diſcontent;
No longer weep their Lovers fled,
Their peace deſtroy'd, and pleaſure dead;

No longer imprecate the ſtars,
To curſe ambition, and the jars,
Which from that fatal ſource ariſe,
To dim the luſtre of their eyes.
But chiefly in your favour'd Iſle,
Fair BRITAIN, I'll renew the ſmile.—
Her ſons who * now for glory roam
Throughout the globe, and ſcorn their home,
Their comforts, and enjoyments all,
And for their country gladly fall;—
That country, which they prize before
The virgins whom their ſouls adore—
With glory crown'd ſhall ſoon repair,
And in their laurels dreſs the Fair—
To ploughſhares fabricate their arms,
And hear no more of my alarms—
Rewarded with domeſtic life,
And all the bleſſings of a wife.

Yet, e'er this glorious change ſhall prove
The arm, invincible, of Love—

* This Poem was wrote in 1763, at the Concluſion of the Peace.

Ye Gods, and mighty Queen, I truſt
That powerful—ye 're alſo juſt!
And, though all roughneſs I appear,
Terrific, with a bloody ſpear,
To keep encroaching ſtates in awe,
Who, ſwell'd by pride, contemn all law,
Yet, with ſubmiſſion, I pretend
The honour of your ſtedfaſt friend;
And in my ſchool, with choiceſt care,
Watch o'er the Guardians of the Fair,
Their manners, and addreſs prepare.
I take the diamond from the mine;—
'Tis yours to poliſh and refine—
And yet, with pride, I boaſt again,
Ye poliſh, and refine in vain,
'Till I have ſtamp'd the martial air,
That only can bewitch the Fair;
And make their glowing boſom feel
With keener edge your pointed ſteel.
Thus to demonſtrate what I ſay,
All other ranks of men ſurvey.
Pedantic, dull, and plodding fools,
However pompous in their ſchools—

The Lawyer in perpetual jar,
And obſtinate, as at the bar—
The grave Phyſician, formal, big,
In all th' importance of a wig—
The Country Squire, for ever rude,
A noiſy, vile fox-hunting brood—
The Yeoman, lower in degree—
The *wherefore* is the myſtery;
For in their manners they appear
As like, as tare can be to tare.
The Merchant, (mercenary fiend)!
Who, bankrupt, never owns a friend;
Whoſe eſtimation of all worth
Is, like his origin, from earth;
At beſt thro' every diſtant ſea
Importer of vile luxury,
Of innocence and manners plain,
And pure ſimplicity the bane;—
A low, ſelf-intereſted tribe,
And influenc'd by ev'ry bribe—
The mean mechanic, can he be—
Or one of theſe—a friend to thee,
Great CUPID!—whoſe ingenuous claim
Is ſomething of ſuperior name?

By inſtinct, let ſuch inſects move,
While Soldiers ſhall be ſway'd by Love!
A gen'rous race, who greatly plan
Each method to ennoble man;—
To raiſe him to the higheſt view,
And render him complete for You;
That thro' the world it may be ſung,
By ev'ry Bard, in ev'ry tongue,
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

Thus ſpeaking, with a gallant air,
Submiſſive, chearful, debonair,
He rais'd his chains with ſoft addreſs,
And kiſs'd them as his happineſs;
Saluting with a reverence low,
The benches to the inmoſt row—
But chiefly the imperial throne,
And CUPID her victorious ſon.
A murmur of applauſe began,
Increas'd, and thro' th' Aſſembly ran;—
Then louder reach'd the neighb'ring ſhore,
Tumultuous, yet a joyful roar.
Spain heard it with extreme delight,
Reviving from a dreadful fright;

And France receiv'd the joyful ſound,
Half dead with many a Britiſh wound.
Victorious GEORGE was then purſuing
Thoſe nations, and allies, to ruin;
With conqueſt glittering on his ſword,
While heroes trembled at his word;
Thro' lands, before unknown, and ſeas,
Adorn'd with never dying bays,—
His lions terrible to view,
Where Roman eagles never flew;—
When, like the muſic of the ſpheres,
The ſound, harmonious, ſtruck his ears,
And ſtop'd him in his full career;—
His ſympathetic boſom felt
The valiant are the firſt who melt,
And, that true glory prompts to ſpare;
A ſmile ſuffus'd his manly face,
He ſheath'd his ſword—and all was Peace.

THE END.

E R R A T A.

Page 3, Line 15, for *bliſs*, read *bleſs*.
4, —— 4 from bottom, for *incite*, read *excite*.
11, —— 9, *dele* the ſemicolon after *I ſing*;
13, —— 43, for *in*, read *of*.
14, —— the laſt, for *delight*, read *delights*.
18, —— 168, put in a note, *Lady Almiria Carpenter*.
23, —— 270, for *reſolving*, read *revolving*.
27, —— 4 of the note, for *executed*, read *exertea*.
28, —— 7 of the note, for *acknowledged*, read *acknowledges*.
42, —— 1, for *my*, read *our*.
43, —— 15, for *Arathuſas*, read *Arethuſas*.
45, —— 61, for *Jennings*, read *Jenyns*.
46, —— 76, at Fielding, refer to the following note " See the Art of " Dancing by Soame Jenyns, Eſq;—Dodſley's Collection."
46, —— 79, a pauſe thus —— after *thouſand*.
47, —— 102, for *terror*, read *fervour*.